

# Arthur

[Rick Wakeman](#)

Upon a New Year's day  
A host of knights did pray  
That from the anvil one could draw the sword. As each knight took his turn  
They found the anvil, held it firm;  
None worthy of a future King and Lord. Sir Kay the bravest knight  
Appeared to try his might  
He dreamed of being King, as all the rest  
To Arthur Sir Kay called to search  
And bring for him a sword  
In earnest Arthur set about his quest.  
A churchyard in the wood  
The sword and anvil stood  
And Arthur drew the sword out of the stone  
The anvil now defeated  
His quest for the sword completed  
A sword that was to place him on the throne  
A sword that was to place him on the throne.  
Sir Ector and Sir Kay saw the sword  
And knelt to pray  
Then gently took it from young Arthur's hand  
They marvelled at his quest  
Proclaiming to the rest  
Arthur is the King of all this land  
Arthur the King of all this land.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>